

A
CONSOLATORY
EPISTLE

THE
D. N. T. O.
IN HIS
Present Circumstances.

From a Member of the
ASSOCIATION.

O Tite si quid ego adjûro curâmvē levâssô
Ecquid erit pretii ? Ennius.

L O N D O N,
Printed for *Walter Davis*, in *Amen Corner*.

A
CONSOLATORY
EPISTLE

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From a Member of the
ASSOCIATION
of the Friends of the
African Slave Trade
and the Slave Trade
in the West India
Company

[1]

A
Consolatory Epistle
TO
D. T. O.
In his present
CIRCUMSTANCES.

Signior Dottore,

WHether a Knight of the Post in a Pulpit, or a Minister of the Gospel in a Pillory, do make the better Figure; is a Question reserv'd for the gravity and experience of your Doctor's Worship to determine on the great Collar-day of your Instalment.

For then you will hold forth to a numerous Assembly of Brethren and Candidates of the Order, who no doubt will convene on the Solemnity of that Festival.

And, since it is likely their Ears or Curiosity may itch after a Reason for this unexpected Change of your Post in the State, it will behoove you to say something, in the first place, to comfort and sweeten, I must not say, your *former Believers*, but *present Creditors*, whose Zeal may be turned into Fury, when (beholding your Condition) they shall be forced to take rotten Eggs for their money.

Though a man would think little Oratory requisite to persuade those to any thing, that you have hook'd in already so far, and stand yet farther obliged, not onely to *hear*, but likewise implicitly to *believe* whatsoever you say.

Therefore, if you think them worthy of another quaint Sham, you may smoothly insinuate unto them, That, being called of late to the Swea-ring-bench, on the godly fanatick Conspiracy, you chose rather to pay down your Ears for a Fine, than hold for a Witnefs against those Holy Martyrs of the Association.

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While

While this pass'es on them, you may rest content with this Comfort of mind, That the very same Providence which (like *Mahomet's Pigeon*) inspired you with Plots, thinks it meet, your *Table*, your *Attendants*, your *Liberty* and *Credit* being retrench'd; your *Ears* should be so too, that all the *ill things* which men take the freedom to speak of you now may not fall within the compass of your hearing.

But, to say truth, it was to be expected, when once your extraordinary Allowances came to be pared, that they would not give over till they pared to the quick; for Policy and Reason of State has a long time required, that those Sentinels or Out-guards to your Head, should be fixt to some Post, because even your own Sacred Testimony implies, that they never stuck fast to their proper Station, but (as if they had made Leather Wings of their Luggs) flew swifter than Rumour to all parts of the World; nay, were so well at Command too, that, while you stood in *England* or *Flanders*, you would whistle them off into *France*, *Spain*, *Rome*, *Constantinople*, &c. where, like Batts fluttering in the dark, they would bring you the Results of the closest Juncto's of Princes and States, nay, even of the Conclave and Divan.

Now Ears of such general importance are not to be trusted to a common Subject, for they may be of excellent use to the Government, and save the Nation the Charge of sending Ministers abroad, by a parity of reason as the *Stentorophonical Tube* would of maintaining Preachers at home.

All to be feared is, they may be intercepted, and chang'd in their return from foreign Excursions, as they were heretofore; for either common sense is mistaken, or yours have been counterfeit in some Jesuitical Councils you say you overheard; unless with a Jesuitical Reservation too you mean by *overhearing* that you heard something *over* and *above* what was spoken; and, if so, this Cauterization is a necessary Trench to keep your Hearing within its due bounds, and hinder its leaping the Pale with those *stragling Outlyers*.

Yet since your Ears are to be taken up for the Publick use, your Trimmer should be caution'd, in giving you a Cast of his Office, to wriggle his Knife, as men do in carving of Brawn, or other Soufe, that so what's cut off, and the Stump which remains nicking like Tallies, they may be safely detach'd again into the parts abroad, to bring back Intelligence, and without any hazard of having for the future false Ears put upon us; yet this will not doe if the Parings of your Head, like those of a *Holland Cheese*, be thrown out among common Rubbish.

But, could you have them in *Commendum*, they would be as good as a Benefice, Doctor; for you might carry your Ears, like your Spectacles, in your Pocket, and with their own Wax clap either on upon occasion like a Byass to the side of your Head that you listen by, and so wind and screw your self into a Secret, though never so closely blockt up; especially when you may, with the privilege of an Eunuch, thrust in upon any man's privacy, being supposed to have left your Luggs at the door.

Ah, Doctor, had you manag'd your Talent as other popular men have done theirs, your Ears might have been taken off with a Pension instead of a Knife, but you must make the best of your bargain as 'tis; and since it is necessary that, in these Plotting times, some one should have the keeping of those Eaves-droppers of yours, you should put in for the Preference, if it were but for the sake of the Brethren. For it is great Charity to lend them

them as often as a Brother of the Order, in the absence of his own, shall have occasion for any, upon a Job of Swearing; for men must live by their Vocation, and cannot work without Tools.

And in this late scarcity, though the Ears of any one Brother be virtually the Ears of the Brethren in general, and to be used in common among them; yet you, being Head of the Party, should most constantly wear them; and, being the most likely to come into business, you will oftner have occasion to use them.

For as the *Dutch*, when they sail near the Wind, and must Traverse, to fetch a certain Point, do use Leeboards (which are a *species* of Ears fastened outwardly to each side of the Vessel,) so you, should you be cross examined to any particular thing, and forced to lye now on one, and then on t'other Tack, in that case indeed (the Gale being against you) your Ears would not onely be decent, but necessary too as Leeboards to make good your Tripps. Though, were you to go before it again, and onely to tell a long Story to a favourable Audience, they then would put you out of your right Trim, and every little Whisper or Breeze that affected them, would make you alter your course.

But this being unlikely to happen without changing the scene to Association, you need be in no pain; for, should that come about, you know a Committee of them would be no more to seek in fitting you with a new Pair, than they were in *Dangerfield's* case, whose Remnants they piec'd and eek'd out with a Vote, and so he came into the Pit shorn and trimmed like a Cock of the Game; and having acquitted himself with a National Applause, was put into the Bagg with you, *Bedlow*, *Dugdale*, and all the rest of the fighting Evidences.

But yet stay a little, as they equip you with Ears, they must furnish you with Credit too, otherwise they expose the publick Safety to more danger than ever. For the Jesuits knowing our weak side would make their Attack on that where you had your quarter, because, like the Knavish Pastor in the Fable, you have made us so incredulous by former false Alarms, that you would cry out in vain when the Wolf were upon the Flock indeed.

I proceed from the Topick of publick Convenience, and its Opposite, to that of Ornament, and Deformity, in your private Person, by this Politick Reducement.

First, then, as to the Scaffold whereon you are expos'd, as it is a visible Type of the Inquisition, where Popery reigns, so is it the proper station of you, the Protomartyr or first suffering Witness of our last Refiners upon Reformation; and therefore you should rejoice and exult rather than blush on so glorious a Stage.

And were this indelible Character of your new Ordination set upon you in a Countrey where Reliques of Saints are held in veneration, your Ears, that have shielded us from the Attempts of the Papists, would be laid up as Sacred, like the *Ancilia* that, in *Rome's* first Superstition, were suppos'd to drop down from Heaven for the Preservation of their Commonwealth.

Now, as to your own Dress or Trim, though, at first appearance, your Head, on a Stall, like a Barber's Block, looks something bald and singular; yet, in these times of Religious Innovation, the Authority of your example may as well bring it into a Mode as *Pym's* cropping his Hair brought Round-heads into fashion.

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Then

Then will you with *Rabby Busy*, get loose from the Stocks, rejoyce, &c. cry out, *The Malice of the Enemy hath mocked it self*; and the once Ruling Faction in the City will put you in the Kalendar with *Sir Patience Ward*, in whose Representative head the Charter receiv'd its first wound, though in a little time after it was it self brought to the Stake, and much of its superfluous Parchment rescinded, like yours.

But were not *Pryn*, *Burton* and *Bastwick* triumphantly shewed to the Mobile in your very cut? Ay, and with more applause, I dare say, than *Monsieur Candal* would have been in long Locks and Pantaloon; nay, they were cry'd up as Patterns to the imitation of all good Patriots, and long Ears, in those days, were exploded as much as long Horns, or long Hair, which being but vain excrements, the Wiser part of Men even now do cut off, and hide, or wear in Perriwigs.

May not you then, by the same Rule of Decency, wear a Cap with Ears, since your Age (if not your Profession) allow it? especially when you may pretend, that those outward excrescences, literally speaking, were but the Luggage of your Invention, that, Cumbring its march with unnecessary digressions, you left behind, for the same Reason that the Philosopher cut off his Doucets.

The *Spaniards*, who always siff Honour to the fineness of a Punctilio, wear Bigotero's, or Spur-leathers between their Nose and upper Lip, not onely when they have Beards, but when they have none, and a Man may more safely take a Bear by the Tooth, than question his Mustachios: yet they seem half asham'd of their Ears, by Combing all their hair on one side, to cover a moiety of them. Do not the same Nation wear Spectacles too, when they see better without them, to keep off the Malignity of Venemous objects? And shall a Doctor be ashamed to wear Clasps to his hearing, to keep off the sound of bitter Truths, which otherwise would give him the head-ach?

We reade among the *Mythologists*, that when the Gods did punish the folly of *Midas*, they exposed him with a pair of Asses Ears, to make him ridiculous. Why the Argument holds in conversion, that as long Ears are a blemish, so short Ears are a beauty; and, if so, the shorter the prettier.

Besides, this remark of the Law was necessary, to distinguish you in common discourse, your Name being an equivocal word; and therefore a Man may be banter'd half an hour together with a Jargon of *Oates* before he knows what it means; but then if one explains himself, by adding, I intend that *Oates* that had Ears, we know the Tree by the Fruit, without farther note, or comment. And if any be so impertinent, as to ask you, why you have not your Ears still, you may answer him proudly, with *Cato*, You had rather be asked why you have none, than why you have any.

Ergo, Doctor, conclusum est, that this nimming of your Ears does not at all intrench upon the Ornament, or Convenience of your Person, in any capacity whatsoever.

Having hitherto been your Instructor, I must now become your Disciple, and desire to be sincerely inform'd, what Science, or Faculty you took the Degree of Doctor in, and this I ask, because I do not find that any Commence in *Physick* at *Salamanca*; and our Divines here suppose you a *Civilian*, and our *Civilians* take you for a *Divine*. Now, should you, like the *Mountebank* in the *Epigram*, prove neither one nor t'other, we must find some new Profession for your Learned Doctorship: And truly, I always have

have fanfy'd, that your Title of Minister being not understood in that University in a Clerical sense, you pass'd upon them for a Minister of State; and they being puzzled for the Style of Dignities taken in that Mystery, made you a Doctor of State too: Nor did they doe you that Honour, I fear, upon a due examination of your parts, so much as a curious Dissection of your Name, according to *Subtle* in the *Alchymists*, proceeding with honest *Nab*; so the *Anagram* of *Titus Otes*, with the addition of Doctor, was Gravely pronounced, *Doctor esto Tutis*; and this I the rather believe, that I find in *Spain* two Sects of *Physicians*, one practising upon those onely that enjoy perfect health, the other upon the infirm. Of the former profession was *Don Pedro Rezio Sancho Panca's* Physician in his Government, and in that I suppose you Commenc'd; for you did but Practise in your Calling, when by Tampering with the Publick Peace, you made so dangerous an Experiment of late upon the wholesome Constitution of our Monarchy.

From the consideration of your Person, and Dignity, I descend to that of your Plot, and am apt to believe, that though you Spun the Matter of it like a Spider, out of your own Bowels, you Fashion'd it after the Model of that Famous Stalking Horse, by which the *Greeks* surpris'd *Troy*, and designed it for the like purpose too. Which when honest Justice *Laocoon* (suspecting there was some mischief in the Belly on't) would have thoroughly searched, or prob'd with his Lance, he was *Godfrey'd* by two of *Sinon* the Jesuits Myrmidons, who coming out of the River *Simois*, *Anglicè Thames*, up to *Somerfet-house*, in the shape of Water-Snakes, the one twisting it self about his Neck, Strangled him, while the other with his Sting pierc'd him into the Body. *Sinon* nevertheless Swore, with his usual Double Meanings, that the Horse was fill'd with nothing but *Oates*, which they mistaking for Provender, were perswaded to break down their Walls, and disband their Guards; when behold the very same Night that the ill-contriv'd Machine was receiv'd into their Town, Old *Oates*, your Great Ancestor, Sally'd out of his Belly, in the head of the Lord knows how many of those Black Bills (which, through many Descents, came into your Brain) and having caught the poor *Trojans* napping, made the dismal Havock intended by the *Association*, which so long lay hid in the Belly of your Plot. And blind *Homer*, in the Latitude of your construction, being an Eye-witness, has deliver'd down to us in *Iliads*, which I presume is *Greek*, for a Poetical Narrative, according to our Modern Style.

After all, Doctor, I conclude, you must sit down patiently with the loss of your Ears, though it seem a hard case that the Law should make it so Penal, to Clip the King's Coyn, and yet provide no Remedy for those, who, bearing the Image of his Creator, are daily served so. For, were there any Relief in *Westminster-Hall*, the late Barretor of *Lincolns-Inn* had doubtlesly brought an Action on the Case; and yet yours being upon another point, it is worth a Fee to know, whether the rasing of your Ears may not, by Implication, be rasing of a Record, since yours, and others *Hear-say*, seems all we have to shew for our proceedings against those that have Suffer'd. Yet should it be so, the *Pillory-Barber* may cunningly prevent the Indictment, by putting those Labels he cuts off of your Ears on the File, in stead of the Post, though even that were some Satisfaction.

In fine, Doctor, your head was too full of remote, and obscure Notions, to be thoroughly understood, without Marginal Notes; and since the Commentator, by his Rubricks, should be a *Papist*, that is, a *Red-letter'd Man*, he will decipher your Character so very plain, that no Man of eyes, or understanding, can hereafter mistake you.

Therefore do not you mistake your own Predicament, but (while you may) by a fair *Manifesto*, or *Counter-Narrative*, hang out a Flag to save your last stake, your head; since it is justly to be fear'd, that your Enemies, by their regular approaches, as breaking ground at a distance first, and throwing in that Bomb of *Scandalum Magnatum*, then attacking your out-works; which straitned your Liberty of Marching, and now storming the very Half-moons on your Counterscarp, will not stop, till they are Masters of the Main Cittadel too. And so adieu, Doctor.

FINIS.

